WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From The Congregationalist.

Along the streets one day with that swift tread
He walked a living king—then "He is dead."
The whisper flew from hip to flp, while still
Sounding within our ears, the schoung thrill
Of his magician's voice we seemed to hear
In notes of melody ring near and clear.

So near, so clear, men cried, "It cannot be!
It was but yesterday he spoke to me;
But yesterday we saw him move along.
His heed above the crowd, swift-paced and strong,
But yesterday his plan and purpose sped;
It cannot be to-day that he is dead."

A moment thus, half dazed, men met and spake,
When first the sudden news upon them broke;
A moment more, with sad acceptance turned.
To face the bitter truth that they had spurred.
Friends said through tears, "How empty seems town!"

And warring critics had their weapons down. He had his faults, they said, but they were faults Of head and not of heart—his sharp assaults, Finus seeming heedless from his quivering bow, And heedless striking either friend or foe, Were launched with eyes that saw not fee or friend, But only, shining far, some goal or end

That, compassed once, should bring God's saving grace. To purse and purify the human race.
The measure that he meted out be took,
And blow for blow received without a look.
Without a sign of conscious hurt or hate,
To stir the tranquil calimass of his State.

Born on the heights and in the purple bred, He chose to walk the lowly ways instead. That he might lift the wretched and defend The rights of those who languished for a friend, So, many years he spent in listening. To these sad cries of wrong and suffering.

It was not strange, perhaps, he thought the right Could nover live upon the easeful height. Nor strange, indeed, that slow suspicion grew Against the class whose tyrannies he knew. But, bitter and unsparing as his speech, He meant alone the evil deed to reach.

No hate of persons winged his flery shaft, He had no hatred but for cruel craft. And selfish measurements, where human Might Bore down upon the immemorial Kight. Ev'n while he dealt his bitterest blows at power, No bitterness that high heart could devour.

How at the last his great heart conquered all, We know who watched above his sacred pail—One day a living king he faced a crowd Of critic foes; over the dead king bowed A throng of friends who yesterday were those Who thought themselves, and whom the world thought, foes. NORA PERRY.

A POTENT PHILTER.

IX.

There was something chilly about the place apart from its physical lack of warmth. Perhaps it was the violent cleanliness of the uncarpeted nisles, or the stern suggestion of the cushionless benches; possibly it may have been the cold light that entered through the sombre-haed windows, and fell upon the frigidity of the freecoing. Certainly the richest thing in the little chapel-it was rather a chapel than a church-were two more than fair paintings hanging on either side the altar and representing scenes in the history of the Church in Canada.

Ah," cried Virginia as she perceived them from another corner, h those look comfortable. Come another corner. b those look comfortable. Come and warm your hands, Dr. Fletcher." A young man when they had not observed came forward from the chancel where he had been arranging the tawdry paraphernalia of the aliar, and saluted them with what Rowland called a cherubic smile. He answered their questions, put in French, with more than the usual priestly excess of politeness. Did he live in the church? Oh, no. He was a student in the brothers' seminary for young men, on the other side of the monutain, perhaps a mile distant. Strange that they should have their chap-there? Ah, not at all. The brothers loved the stillness, the freedom and solitude. Besides, it was a tant. Strange that they should have their chaped here? Ah, not at all. The brothers loved the stillness, the freedom and solitude. Besides, it was a greater task to reach the sanctaure than if it were nearer; they did higher honor to the good God. It was plus simule too; more like the heir martyrs, he narvely added. Could they see the seminary, they asked at the deer. "Oh, ori, ori," he exclaimed with a happy look; the brothers would be most glad, most honored. But it would not amuse them; it was not much. Then he bowed then out with his sweet smile. As they climbed into their caleches, however, Mrs. Fordland declared herself too weak, after the day's journey, to attempt this further excursion. Virginia had wished to go, but she would not express the dearen now to be annt. To Fletcher she said. "It would be very old." Before she knew his design he had asked, "May I take Miss Bailey to the seemary, Mrs. Fordham!"

Virginia prytested, but now that her aunt understood that the cared to go she would not listen. "But where shall we meet, aunt?" questioned Virginia, submitting.

But where shall we meet, as ginia, submitting. ginia, submitting with our man here," broke in "Pve been talking with our man here," broke in "Pve been talking with our man here," broke in "I've been talking with our man here," broke in Rowland, "and as nearly as I can understand him."—the man spoke broken English: that is to say imperceptibly adulterated French—"there is a point a mile or more from here where two roads meet. One of them is the road from the seminary, and the other is ours. How long simil you want to stay at the seminary, Fletcher?"

He consulted Virginia. "Half an hour, perhaps; not more," he replied.

"Very well; the man says that our road is the longer, so that we sham't have long to wait," cried

longer, so that we shan't have long to wait, cried Rowland as they separated. The priest who welcomed them at the seminary was stont and jolly, but he had all the courtesy of

was stont and jolly, but he had all the courtesy of the neophyte whom they had net at the chapel. He ushered them into a little room at the front of the building, and left them—to get the keys, he said—with a diffusive smie. The bare, glossy floor of the apartment, like those of the rooms which the priest presently returned to show them, was very clean. Throughout the building the walls were adorned with nearly printed maxims and Scriptural admonitions, but except in the tiny chapel, which one of the brothers who had joined them in their tony informed them was occasionally used when "it was very cold," nothing more cheerful was displayed, here there were, as before, some tolerdisplayed, liere there were, as before, some tolerable paintings, the handiwork of one of the brothers, their guide said. One, hidden away in a dusky corner seemed to be of greater antiquity. It was cracked and blurred, and one of the priests observed with a charming affectation of modesty, through which his honest pride struggled hard not to shine, that it was one of the few relies of the skill of the first brothers who had come out to Canada. He interested Virginia in a long exposition of the subject and history of the picture, and they lingered for some moments further before the library of the institution.

When the priests and the company of pupils that gathered by degrees had at length bid them a smiling adden. Pletcher looked at his watch. He started in serious surprise, and a vexed exchamation escaped him.

him. "What is it?" asked Virginia, as they moved

down the path toward the seminary gateway.

"We stayed there over an hour. You remember our agreement with Rowland I" he said.

"Oh!"

our agreement with Rowland?" he said.

"With Rowland?" questioned the girl. "Oh!" cried she with sudden remorse, "why I am afraid that I we hardly taken him into account during the last half-hour. And aunt! she will be so nervous don't come."
will hardly wait for us," he said as he

when we don't come."

"They will hardly wait for us," he said as he beckened impatiently to their charlier who lolled on the roadside at some distance, watching his horse browse on the grasses that grew near. Fletcher's real councrn was not for the vain waiting of Rowland and Mrs. Fordham, though this might have harassed inm at another time: a darting fear filled him as he discovered the length of their lingering that that they might not find the boat at Bale St. Paul. The steamer touched at this point at 3; it was now after I. He remembered that it had taken quite two hours to reach the church. He endeavored not to believe in the possibility of such an accident, but he could not fail to see that all the chances favored it. One reflection a little consoled hum. Their way on the return would be descending, and as this occurred to him he ardently blessed the chartier's maligned practice of lashing their animals down these hills. The man came up at length, and he found an instant, while he helped Virgana into the caleche, and she stood with her back toward him, to whisper a fierce injunction in the fellow's car to drive fast, and to press a bank-note into his hand. Then he leaped quickly into the vehicle, and in an instant they were bowling swiftly over the level road that led from the seminary.

What if the boat should have left when they

wittly over the level road that led from the seminary.
What if the boat should have left when they reached Bare St. Pani? What if Rowland and Mrs. Fordham had gone with it? Fletcher tortured himself with these questions. The futility of thought was obvious enough, however, and he presently joined with his ordinary spirit in the talk that Virginia was trying to maintain. They had been moving for nearly half an hour, when suddenly without warning, the driver brought his horse to a stand, and Fletcher looked up. The fates were malevolent. A farm fence blocked the way.

He had not perceived as he talked that the road gradually narrowed until it was little more than a bridle path. Here it was wholly overgrown with grass save for a foot track of meagre width worn through the middle. The place into which they had come was closely hemmed in on every hand by trees; even the road over which they had just passed was bidden in the densely wooded curve behind. It was a kind of clearing, hollowed out in the midst of the forest. Fletcher understood the situation at a glance.

"Why, man," he cried in vexation, "this is not

situation at a glance.

"Why, man," he cried in vexation, "this is not the road." The fellow grunted assent, and began the road." The fellow grunted assent, and began doggedly to turn his cart. The manœuvre was not accomplished without difficulty in the narrow space, but it was at length successful, and he lashed his horse over the useless steps just taken. The fellow had vehemently averred complete knowledge

of the way when questioned at the church; but he had clearly deceived them.

When they reached the main road, Fletcher again looked at his watch and set his teeth in rage.

"I fear we could hardly expect to find them here,"

would have gone on the descend the hills, laboriously climbed in the morning, and Fletcher tried to join in Virginia's mirth at the reckless fashion in which they plunged down the preciptious inclines; but his laugh was nervous and spiritless. His order, or perhaps his bribe, had inspired the chariter with an exaggerated contempt for human safety and equine sensitiveness, and he flung himself into the task of urging his beast down the steeps with frightful ardor. There was, he reflected, a single chance; the boat might not reach Baie St. Paul on time—their unfortunate mistake of the road had lost them all hope of reaching the village at the advertised hour of leaving. Rowland, he felt sure, would endeavor to hold it as long as possible when it arrived; but these thoughts were not as consoling as they should have been.

"No, no," exclaimed Virginia. "It is I who should beg forgiveness. After your patient considerateness for me, too? Oh, but why didn't aunt and Rowland stay!" she mouned with sudden irrele-

Rowland stay." she mouned with sudden irrelevance.

"I can't explain that. It seems strange."

"There was a mistake; it was accidental. It must have been so," she assured herself aloud, "and aunt is tormenting herself now with fear for me. She will fancy that everything horrible has befallen." Notwithstanding his intense annoyance, her self-forgetfulness stirred his admiration. After a moment some recognition of her own position seemed to reach her, for she said: "As for our selves, I trust you." He almost started at this dispassionate speech. He had expected an hysterical outburst. She was as placid as if she had uttered a commonplace in her own parlor. Yet they were quite tharty miles from Malbaie, with no apparent means of return; they were in a strange and remote village in a foreign country; they were in a most delicate position. In this light her self-control and utter confidence impressed Fletcher as little short of sublime.

Fletcher, and he been switch convarie to ask him.

Boos another steame who to be indight?

He had expected the blank "Non," that answered him—he knew deepen of the blank "Non," that answered him—he knew arctinarily no beat touched at him—he knew for the blank "Non," that answered him—he knew for the blank "Non," that answered him—he knew for the blank "Non," that having come upon a special trip to a special trip to the standard that the blank provided the sense of the blank. The standard him—he knew the had the same that the blank is a special to the blank "Non," that he bade the man drive showly back up the village's long, empty street. Numerous expedients suggested themselves and were rapidly rejected. All would have required the assistance of a band of fairtes. The occasional merry groups of Canadians that passed them walking—the gentlemen decked in their brave worsted caps, or hars of straw, from which tlattered gave havelooks, and wearing stainless white shoes; the ladies encased in the inevitable jersey, angered him unreasonably. The sight of them stirred the remembrance of a fact, as to which he was conscious in a moment that he had deceived himself. There was doubtless not an American in Bais est. Paul.

He recollected now a frought that had constitute the special country of the sp

him a sum extravagantly dispropo-

ethern. He had another cateche which he could stread for a day. The calm exorbitancy of the domanded would have amused Fletcher at au-time—he might doubtless have purchased a rade of the decrepit vehicles in favorable istances for the sum asked—but he thankfully

Surely you will not attempt to dive compressed his intention.

I must. Miss Bailey." he said quietly. She learned him and he arranged the further details the drive with no further question from her. As charder handed him the reins, after substituting read horse for the one used in their journey to church, he buids a mary cllously bright suggest. The wedger had a map of the road they would be a without doubt he would lend it, and he gave on his name. A trim little man ushered Fletcher, can he knocked at a door bearing upon its front a ming brass plate, into a room, half living apartuit, half office, apologizing for the children playwith their toys on the floor. He was very polita his broken English.

Surely, monsieur should have the man—it was toor; he had made it himself. He had a pretty de in these things, it was said—monsieur would room him. He would, however, return it fortainly? Fletcher could promise him that. The being pressed a lantern upon him also. He would he did the said. He bowed conrecously to Virginia he followed the young man to the door; then it of the man amisble adea.

Pletcher perched himself upon the meagre driver's at in front, and administered to the inose a lash it would have done credit to a charier. The madians longing on the hotel pizzag stared hard

would have done credit to a charter. The dians lounging on the hotel piazza stared have ever passed, and an odd smile fitted over some of achies' faces. Fletcher raged within himself as isserved the smile; he tarned about. Virgina

be the girl with whom he was to make a journey in such circumstances.

They rode on for the most part without speaking. Once Virginia had tried to restore the case conversational footing on which they had met in the morning, but the effort failed wretchedly. Neither was in the mood. The dusk began to gather about them, and soon it was quite dark. Fietcher said nothing. He only set his teeth a little and lighted the lantern. They came presently to the first point where there was a choice of roads, and pausing, the young man drew forth his map, and with a muttered word of apology, handed the lantern to Virginia. The road here was cut deep into the side of a mountain, which towered dim and ghostly above their heads. The desolate sky-secking pines, the The desolate sky-seeking pines, the

stream, seems in his sense of remoteness from the sea, he had moved through these careless days, creakers and erected itself on the crest of an ocean wave. He understood at flength whither these weeks had tended; he could map his course now that he had traversed it.

then be could drive from him disagreeable thoughts. Now he was forced to confront the prosaic, relent-less, iniscrable fact. The truth was not to be

ess, miscrable fact. The treatment of the valled or glossed.

There are doubtless minds to which there would have seemed little difficult in the position that harmssed Fletcher; they would have spanned it harmssed Fletcher; they would have spanned it harmssed.

resistible pleaded with him to cast away caution and sentiment, and remomber only his love. Surely that had its own first, vital claim. Even loyally might be exaggerated; it might drift into mocking the exaggerated; it might drift into mocking the exaggerated; it might drift into mocking the exaggerated that he had become of a narrative poem that he had once read, in surrendering her lover to Newmarkets for spring are of many-colored bourottes.

ber'mandlin scutiment. It had seemed to him then that love should be the single cardinal fact; it should not bow to petry expediences or sentiments. It was for it to override any obstacle but a great

where DAILLY TRIBUNE. SUNDAY. MAY 18. 1884.—TWELVE works provided that he had happed at each of the control of

FASHION NOTES.

. Trimmings of a rich and massive pattern ar used to decorate plain materials and take the place o large figured stuffs. These trimmings are not continuo but form a parate pieces of fruit, flowers or leaves. The are sumps of cords and heads from which are pendar cherries, grapes, acords or entrants. They are also made of black bughs of all independ beads of of opaqui beads all of one color.

Embrohlery on talle and lare is the most fashionals triuming for suraner dresses. It is used in floances an for drapery and for covering the entire silk timing of th

Chemisettes daintily embroidered are added to standing collars of lines that have a vine of embroidery along thet upper edge, or a large vignette of needlowork in front tha surrounds the collar-button. The neck of the surplice co-sages is cut in a low point in front and the chemisette fil in this space. White silk musion chemisettes fully gath ered at top and bottom are put on outside firsh coresages and are trimmed with velvet resette on each sile and at the lower end; to these a collar or frill is made of inuv-

gerable loops of narrow veivet ribbon.
Full pleated overskirts are fashionably made with the front representing an outspread fan, and the back is la

Empress cloth, Irish poplins and other Ottoman ribbe ence is given to the smoother aboatross and brighta cloths with embroidered figures, the tupestry wools with printed or woven decorations for borders and for lower skirts, and the coarse Bison cloth, as rough as bisingers but lighter than any other woodlen goods.

gold beads, red tulie with garnet, and pale yellow with

The Paris walstcoat is the name of a novel drapery of white creps de Chone or of red Sarah, striped with velv ribbon and attached to the front of dark valvet or so

Soutache braid bonners in copper colors are among th quiet and stylish selections for spring. The braid in tw

Newmarkets for spring are of many-colored bourettes of nitrogen

murky heaven obscured by storm-clouds, the girl her friend. He recollected that he had laughed at and tweeds in blocks or plaids, and are very masculine in

HOME INTERESTS.

FEATURES OF THE MARKETS. BLUEFISH EAGLIER THAN USUAL-SALMON PROM

OREGON-PRICES OF MEATS.

The fish market presented interesting features yesterday. Mr. Blackford had received about 100 green turtles, weighing from five to twenty pounds each, and suitable for use in families. They were sold for 20 cents. He also received the first bluefish of the season, in large quantities from the Long Island and New-Jersey chasts, three weeks earlier than usual. They were worth 16 cents a pound and weighed from four to six pounds each. To-morrow ar will contain 20,000 pounds of the fish, sent by the Marquis de Mores. Market cod yesterday brought 8 cents a pound, live cod 10 cents, large bass 15 cents, live lobsters 10 cents, fresh-caught salmon 30 cents, fresh mackerel 12 cents, Spanish

mackerei 25 cents, pompanos 18 cents, spatial mackerei 25 cents, pompanos 18 cents, white perch 12 cents, sea bass 10 cents, shad—bucks 25 to 35 cents, roc 45 to 60 cents, and brook trout 90 cents.

Strawberries were werth from 25 to 60 cents a quart, pineapples 25 to 50 cents each, and fifteen oranges were sold for 25 cents. Green peas brought 40 cents a half-peck, string beans the same price, asparagus 25 cents a bunch, cucumbers 5 cents each, radishes 10 cents a dozen, lettuce 5 cents a head, tomatoes 25 cents a quart, new carrots, \$1 a dozen, and beets, \$1,25 a dozen.

In the way of mean prime rib roast cost 22

rois, \$1 a dozen, and beets, \$1,25 a dozen.

In the way of meats, prime rib roast cost 22 cents a pound, porterhouse roast 28 cents, sirloin steak 22 cents, round bone steak 25 cents, fillet of beef 75 cents, loin yeal 20 cents, leg yeal 20 cents, breast of yeal 14 cents, yeal cutlet 25 gcents, hind-quarter of mutton 15 cents, leg of mutton 16 cents a pound, a hindquarter of lamb \$2.75, and a fore-quarter \$2.25.

MENU.
Little Nack Clams.
Pointo Soup.
Sind Roe, fried. Tartare Sauce.
Erolled Spring Chicken. Potato Balls in Cream Sauce.
Asparagus.
Macaroni an Jus.
Famo, Tomate Mayonnaise. Cheese, Crackers. Strawberries and Cream. Lemon Jolly.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES. MACARONI SOUP.—Boil together the bones and stuffing of a roast chicken, and a steak bone, with half an onion, and a bit of red paper. The next day take off all the fat and put the stock on to heat. When it boils, add sait to taste, and two sticks of macaroni broken in short bits and scaked an hour in tepid water. Grate into the soup one good-sized potato, half a small turnip, half a carrot. Boil well and add a dessertspoonful of Harver's sance.

FISH IN WHITE SAUCE .- Flake up cold boiled Fish in White Saucz.—Flake up cold boiled hallbut and set the plate into the steamer that the fish may heat without drying. Boil the bones and skin of the fish with a very small piece of red pepper; a bit of this as large as a kernel of coffee will make the sauce quite as hot as most ucopic fike it. Boil this stock down to half a pint, thicken with one teaspoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of flower braided together. Add one drop of extract of almond; pour this sauce over your halibut, and stick bits of parsley over it.

BEFF HASH.-To cold carned or roast beef, minced BEEF HASH.—To cold corned or roast beef, minced and freed from gristle and strings, add an equal quantity of mashed potato. Mix well together and season with pepper and salt. Put into a frying-pan a large cupiul of boiling water, with half as much gravy from which the fat has been skimmed, and a tenspoonful of made mustard. It you have no gravy substitute soup-stock or a cupful of soup left over from yesterday. Boil up briskly before stirring in the chopped most and potato. Toss and stir until the contents of the pan are a bubbling, smoking heap. Be careful that the hash is not too stiff. Add more boiling water should the meat and potato absorb the liquid too rapidly, and do not let the hash stick to the bottom of the pan. The country housekeeper who has plenty of butter can improve this dish by stirring a tablespoonful into the hot water and gravy. If she has neither gravy nor stock let her double the quantity of butter, dissolving in the boiling water. Serve in a deep covered dish.

Carbage Sheed fine with a keen knife. Chopping

Return to the fire, and sir antil it begins to thicken. Turn the cabbage into a bowl, pour the hot mik-and-egg upon it, and mix thoroughly with a silver fork. Cover the bowl while the contents are hot, and set away where it will cool suddenly.

very fine. Have ready a cupful of milk, in which half a mineed onion has been simmered ten minutes, then strained out. Add a beaten egg, pepper and sair to taste, a teaspoonful of butter rolled in a like quantity of flour; cook one minute and stir gradually into the minute anet and macaron. Lastly, put in a tablespoenful of grated cheese, pour the mixture into a well-greased tin mould with a top tuse a tin pail if you have nothing better, set in a pot of both water, taking care not to automerge it entirely, and beil one hour and a half. Dip in cold water one minute to loosen the pudding, and turn out.

IRVING ON JOURNALISM AND THE STAGE.

From Irring's Impressions of America.

Talking of criticism and the press, the press and the stage, one evening. Irving expressed some views in regard to the influence and relations of the newspaper and the theatrs which are full of surgestiveness and point.

"Journalism and the stage," he said, "have always been more or less in sympathy with each other. As they have progressed this sympathy may be said to have grown into an alliance in the best interests of civilization. As expenents of the highest thought of the greatest writers, as chara-

best interests of civilization. As exponents of the highest thought of the greatest writers, as educationists of the most comprehensive character, the press and the stage are, I toink, two of the most powerful institutions for good in our times, and represent the greatest possibilities in the future.

"It is interesting to contemplate how closely they are associated, these two institutions, artistically and commercially. The advertisements of the theatres represent a large revenue to the newspapers; the employment of writers and reporters in chronicling and commenting upon the work of the theatres represents, on the other hand, an important outlay for the newspapers. The press is telling the story of the theatre from day to day; and, while it extends an earnest and honest sympathy to dramatic art in its highest aspirations of excellence. I hope the time will come when the criticism of the work of the stage will be considered one of the most serious features that belong to the general

ience. I hope the time will come where do not of the work of the stage will be considered one of the most serious features that belong to the general and varied compositions of a new spaper.

In the past we, in England, at all events, look upon but two men as critics in the most complete sense—men who, by thought and study, feeling and knowledge, had the power to sympathize with the intention of the artist, to enter into the motives of the actor himself, criticising his conception according to his interpretation of that which he desires to express. These two writers were Lamb and Hazlett. But nowadays we have thousands of critics. Every new-spaper in Great Britaen has its critic. Even the trade-journals, and some of the professedly religious journals, have their critics, and some of them speak with an emphasis and an authority on the snost abstrace principles of art which neither Lambnor Hazlett would have dreamed of assuming. I don't know new this contrasts with America; but I am sure that when the conductors of the great journals of the two contrasts with America, the conductors of the two worlds are fully convinced of the deep interest and the friendly interest the people are taking in the stage they will give increasing importance to the dramatic departments of their papers.

Hygienic Clothing .- The Belgian war de-HIGIENIC CLOTHING.—The Belgian war de-partment having conducted a series of experiments lately on the waterproofing of solutions by means of input atamina, inquiry has been directed to the systems influence of such clothing. The medical sumeration, it appears have satisfied themselves that the criticies of dress thus treated permit the possipiration to pass of freely, and chemical analysis has proved that the criticism and the medical sum of the institution of de-stroys their color. In this process, according to the lower and of Hygiene, accorded of alumina is obtained by saking solutions of court harks of alumina.

NON-DIGESTIBILITY OF ABSOLUTELY PURE on-Digistibility of Absolutely Pure res.—The non-digestibility of pure ginten in the insectionity, as well as the fact that is attains in a cantest shifting properties when mixed with other nutritive dances, has now been established by chemical research, it becomes most easily digestible when mixed a adminished portions of vegetables. According to allowing the dough of wheat flour is, in fact, such a casting the dough of wheat flour is, in fact, such a care as, being dissolved in alcohol, can be separated. Its several elements while at the same time the en contained florrein is not dissolved. Pure ginten existely yellow, fastes like bulsam, and has a peculiar cleavery temperature and clastic, is not soluble in colder, and contains from fourteen to sixteen per cent PULPIT SKETCHES.

DR. J. M. LUDLOW, OF THE WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN. . Forty years ago the thrifty elegance of Brooklyu life was mostly gathered on the Reights, extending back to Monroe-place and Chaton-st., with Pierrepent, Remsen and Joralemon sts. for its interpreting theroughfaves. The "up-town" movement of and day was southward, following the lines of Clinton and Henry sts., down a gentle slope for a mile or more until it gathered up for a pause in the region of First and Second places. The travel and trailie way for this colonization was Court-st., conveniently bounding it on the east. Following the impulse of a speculative gravitation that seemed at once spontaneous and legitimate, mile after mile of attractive residences grew up, outside or within the trade lines, with only here and there a church willfice of generous dimensions to interrupt the architect he will receive the first car-load of Oregon salmon ever sent to this market in a refrigerator car. The Church; another of imposing proportions where the Rev. Mr. Hubbard officiates; a great Baptist church in sombre Gothic with its supplementary buildings; the bare and roomy South Congregational Church, under the postorate of Dr. Lyman; a Methodist church of singular completeness, and in the mists the West-minster Presbyterian Church, where Dr. Ludlow is

> ARCHITECTS TO BLAME FOR POOR PREACHING. Leaving the cars at Court at and First-place, we pa . along a wide, commanding street, half rural, half urban, tempting bits of lawn and garden belting the sidewalks, with glimpses here and there of dainty gar-dening, and a restful atmosphere of comfort and refinement, and at the northwest corner of Clinton st. reach this, quiet, solid brown stone edifies in a grim, half reluctant Gothic style. The front is broad, and with the blunted, undeveloped tower at the corner is wanting in elevation or symmetry. The interior proportions fail to realize the idea of a Godnic perspective with its long-drawn sisles, for the length and breadth are nearly equal, while it wants the social, inviting familiarity of an auditorium or partiament becase, where speaker and hearer meet at the finest advantage. The ceiling is in the Moresque or Byzantine spirit, and is designed in three parallel semi-circular vaultings, the central much broader and higher than the others. It is left unbelped in its chilly, naked plactering, and would find much relief in a delicate warmth of color. The walls and columns are freecoed in well-studied designs, dados and panellings rarely ecclesiastical or ecclesiological in feeling, but graceful and artistic in the goueral effect.
>
> The narrow arched recess designed for the pulpit has ing in clevation or symmetry. The interior proportions

logical in feeling, but graceful and artistic in the general effect.

The narrow arched recess designed for the pulpit has been, as an afterthought, filled by the organ which over-canopies the pulpit and piatform. At the feet of the preacher sits the organist at his keyboard immediately below the polpit, and the quartetic of careful and conscientious singers occupy a portion of the front pew and stand facing the people during the anthems and hymns. The architects could hardly have devised a chamber more prolific of intrasive and perjecting echoes; and these ingenious gentlemeth, who have dabbled in quasi-Gothic so perseveringly for the last lifty years, it may be fairly charged, are largely answerable for the alleged ineffectiveness and feebleness of modera preaching, for they have flashed their glaring blazonry of great rose windows full in the preacher's eyes and at the same time blanketed and buffeted his speech with their muttering echoes and retrieval and the school of the school of the school of the same time blanketed and buffeted his speech with their muttering echoes and retrieval of the school of the school of the school of the same time blanketed and buffeted his speech with their muttering echoes and retrieval of the school of the

THE SCHOLAR IN THE PULPIT. Happily Dr. Ludlow is not the evangelist to ground his arms even under such an insidious assault, and the organ in which he stands embowered cannot shake his nerve. A slight, delicate figure, without hint of feebleness, he enters from the vestry door at the call of the voluntary, and ascends the steps to the pulpit with a quiet, decisive step and a tranquil self-contained presence. Without gown, his frock cont is buttoned high on the chest. The features are spare, the complexion is wanting in glow as if the preacher spent too many hours in his fibrary, the face is narrow but broadens emickly at the temples into a brow and brain over-large for the body that sustains and sup-ports them. It is the face of a scholar, an idealist with smoking heap. Be careful that the hash is not too stiff. Add more boiling water should the meat and points absorb the liquid too rapidly, and do not let the hash stick to the bottom of the pan. The country housekeeper who has plenty of butter can improve this dish by stirring a tablespoonful into the hot water and gravy. If she has neither gravy nor stock let her double the quantity of butter can improve this dish by stirring a tablespoonful into the hot water and gravy. If she has neither gravy nor stock let her double the quantity of butter, dissolving in the boiling water. Serve in a deep covered dish.

Carrier Salad.—One small head of white cabbage, sliced fine with a keen knife. Chopping bruises salads of the green kinds. One-half cup of vinegar and the same of boiling milk; one tablespoonful of butter; one beaten egg; one tablespoonful of white sugar; pepper and salt to taste. Scald the milk in one suseenan, the vinegar in another. Put into the latter, when hot, the butter, sngar, pepper, and salt, boil up once, and stir in the shred cabbage. Cover closely and draw to the side of the stove where it will scald but not boil. Pour the hot milk on the beaten egg, it is not be cabbage into a bowl, pour the hot milk-and-egg upon it, and mix thoroughly with the cabbage into a bowl, pour the hot milk-and-egg upon it, and mix thoroughly with the cabbage into a bowl, pour the hot milk-and-egg upon it, and mix the pour the first and one of the baring erection. A mustache with a pour the late of the thread engages attention, w

are hot, and set away where it will cool suddenly.

MOULDED MACARONI—Boil half a pound of macaroni in saited hot water, drain, and let it get cold. Put it when quite stiff in a tray and chop fine; add a half cupful of any cold meat you may happen to have in the house, minered very fine. Have ready a cupful of milk, in which half a mineed onion has been simmered ten minutes. Sait to take the strained out. Add a heater is theme, he is from temperament and culture precise, empact and provident in his idiom, uses deeply conchoicely and with a spare hand, so that you have not got all of the thoughts until you are sure of the last word of the sentence and even then many larking significances and delicacies of expression anter beyond reach during the busy delivery. And this delivery is characteristic. Every word is emphasized or not, for the thought fails into a clean, crisp counge of sententions form, almost proverbial, yet without mannerism or monotony, for you will not catch the same thought or its echo again in the same discourse. And after each of these there is an involuntary deliberation or slowing up, rather as if the preacher was interrogating or sampling the quality of his work than inviting or giving way for popular review.

his work than inviting or giving way for popular review.

And the people literally and silently hang on these atterances, not in quest of recreation or more edification but as if something exceptional and of a deeply personal significance were at stake, and not a word must get astray. The attention is serious, and every ever rests on the preacher, who seems neither to simulate nor magnetize the people, neither to kindle the fancies nor five their enthedsam, but to draw them to a closer relation with himself, through the moral determinations and the quick sure ratification of evinpathetic consciences. And so plain, searching and fearliess things are now and then said, which elsewhere from another man's lips might provoke resentment, or exasperate, or excornic the sensitive, but here they fall without bitterness or brulses, for there is a great ion-derness with this sharp fidelity.

DE, LUNLOW'S INCLUENCE OVER HIS AUDIENCE. OR, LUDLOW'S INCLUENCE OVER HIS AUDIENCE

The people enterinto the discourse unreservedly, and often that deep, unconscious hush which outvoices the most clamorous applause witnesses the sway of the preacher over their hearts in the expressive silence. Of course there is no scaring, nothing tamultuous nothing dramatic or stimulating in such preaching. It wants, shortcomings, opportunities, emergencies, erises and possibilities of divine and superhuman truth in its ministrations of parification and reinforcement and diamination. He works from the centre of his subject toward the practical conclusions which enaphers it, and so is never far from his hearer or his errand. The presider is not a pictic, neither is he a domastic. There are dreams and visions now and then, and ginopses of outlying vistas of thought and forling, but hearer, burden is an attraction photo of soler sense and they are bathed in an atmosphere of sober sense and heathy congruity. There are figure and like trains at every step, but they are never describes or a selectic, but always metaphorical or illustrative. Indeed, his quick, agile resort to figure constantly vells a rapid largest condensation. There are not wanting the systole and of does impulse and praction, but these are

condensation. There are not wanting the systole and disactole of deep impulse and panotion, but these are niways perfectly in hand and have clearly issued the ministry of sarvitude.

There is a sentiment in the cultus of the preacher of the preacher, deeply-rooted, long-headed, far-seeing religion of Gheni or Aberdeen; then something of the trenchant, penetrating touch of Erasmas, without the sting, and something of the simplicity and brawn of the Purdan without his dryness or bristing degmation. The semion is written fully of mostline, but is delivered without resuling, quickened, elaborated, intensibed, without a break ut weakening until the last word.

Dr. Lodlow is now forty-three years old, and is a graduate of Princeton-College and Seminary. His first pastorate was in the first Presbyterian Church in Albany for four years. Then called to the Collegiate Dutch Church where Dr. Coe is now pastor, he remained eight years in a successful ministry until he accepted his present charge in 1877. He is a brilliant and facile writer and has made his reputation in current literature. Among his convergation and membership are R. ture. Among his congregation and membership are R. H. Laimbeet, Walter M. Aikman, Peter R. Kissam, Eliot McCormick, Dr. Spear, of *The Independent*, and many others of professional or literary distinction.

The microscope shews that the booms of Flower sed Fairchild are of much the same size.—[Pailadelphia Trmes.

Times.

First Swell: "What! Going abroad at this time of year, old chappiet" Second Swell: "Ya-as. I'm so afraid some girl will propose to me, and I mightn't be able to resist her. They tell up the sustom is not known in 'foreign parts." "-[Judy.

Alas' my son, too many of our office-holders are like a point. They have position without magnitude.—[Boston Transcorts.]

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he said gently, in answer to Virginia's involuntary exclamation of disappointment, as they presently reached the empty rendezvous at the juncture of the roads. He could not tell her of his fear.

"I know," answered the girl. "Of course they would have gone on. Yet I half expected them to be waiting here," she added inconsequently with a little sigh.

these thoughts were not as consuling as they should have been.

It was just an hour from the time that they had regained the main road after their driver's stupid journey into the forest, when they rolled rapidly down the incline that ended in the midst of the village of Baie St. Paul. They sped down the single street toward the wharf. Fletcher did not speak. As they passed around a bend of the road the pier revealed itself. Their vision stretched uninterrupted over the St. Lawrence into the empty distance. The boat was gone.

"We shall have to wait, said Virginia calmly, with touching trust. Fletcher did not answer. "Why, where are aunt and Rowland?" suddenly exclaimed the girl, noting his silence, with a sharp unreasoning sense that all was not right. She turned a gaze full of troubled inquiry upon him.

"They are gone, Miss Bailey." he answered simply, with a tender nate of compassion in his voice, meeting her giance—"gone with the boat."

"The boat!" she slowly gasped in uncomprehending surprise. His cruel meaning seemed to force itself upon her, and nature hung her white symbol of distress upon her cheek. She strove to compress her trembling lips with pathetic pride.

"You might have told me, Dr. Fletcher—you could have trusted me, I should not have made a scene," cried she reproachfully in the first heat of her discovery.

"Forgive me," he rejoined humbly, "I was cow-

her discovery.

"Forgive me," he rejoined humbly, "I was cow-

whime.

They had paused on the edge of the pier, and the chariter at length becoming impatient of a delay hat may have seemed to him objectless, began to nove restlessly about on his narrow seat and inally looked questioningly around at his passeners. The motion prompted a sudden thought in letcher, and he bent swiftly forward to ask him: Does another steamer leave to high!

He had expected the blank "Non," that answered his heavy that ordinarily no beat touched at

on drive us to-night to Malbale?" he

the done.

offered him a sum extravariantly disproperate to their usual toll for shorter distances, and allow's eyes glistened. To the astenishment of passengers be responded, however, with a neboly shake of the head.

on, non, monsieur, c'est impossible," be answered, e roads are very abeninable, and I know them. Then look at the clouds: it will surely be Besides, what will my customers do in the sing? he continued in French. Fletcher gift this another justance of the shiewdness of rafty tribe, and increased his offer but the man left not listen.

not listen.

n, non," he answered: "if monsienr were to
ty I could not so." Did he think that some
other chartiers might? No, he was sure they
not. They were placed in the same way asletcher was forced to believe him; he could
have be aloned wis indee them.

Fletcher was forced to believe him; he could eavely he should misuage them. was about to order him to drive on again in a c. Mieswher-like hope when there occurred to a second plan, so wild and daring that he feared ink twice of it, and so instantly decided. Yes, an would allow him to take his eart and pony teher stipulated for a fresh beast—if he would im sufficiently and leave a guarantee for their return. He had another caleche which he could used for a day. The calm exceptions of the

stances for the sum as acc.
ed the offer.
ely you will not attempt to drive to Maleried Virginia, seeming suddenly to compre-

sther passed, and an cold sing a within himself as a latter faces. Fletcher raged within himself as a observed the smile; he turned about. Vrgina and not seen it. He urged on the animal before him oth redoubled blows. This spurred, the little ranch peny drew them rapidly on and they were on speeding among the hills toward Mallade. When they had left the town behind while both eat slence. Fletcher's moody rejection fed him to calm consideration of the drive upon which they ad entered, and as he viewed it now, by the mential light of reason, it seemed worse than uixolic. It was little less than madness that he would have set out within an hour or two of nightial in a calcehe to drive a horse whose qualities are unknown to him, over thirty miles of rugged and unfamiliar mountain road; and yet he was not city that he had attempted it. Indeed he had no esting about it, since it had been the only course easible. It was singular, however, that this should et he girl with whom he was to make a journey in the circumstances.

He had attained self-comprehension. Like one who drifts unheeding down a drowsy summer

He walked to the doorway. The just risen moon made mystic shadows among the trees; on the halfdefined leaves the rain drops glistened in the rich ight. The storm had ceased, and nature was mostly chal in the always new marvel of freshness and ourity that follows such an outpouring of the skies. The air was grateful to him; it seemed laden with calm, and he moved forth from the hetel in which the lights were rapidly disappearing and out upon the terrace. Perhaps a lover is never quite happy in the discovery of his love. Doubt chastens his delight. But there was much more sadness mingled with Fletcher's joy as he paced the platform than bould be inspired by the lover's hopeful question of his mistress's esteem. Even in the first torrent of his passion, his memory had dashed his bliss, but